Conceited Letters
Newly layd open,

OR,

A MOST EXCELLENT
Bundle of New Wit,

Wherein is knitt up together all the
Perfections, or Art of Epistoling
which the most ignorant may with much
modestie talke and argue with
the best learned.

A Worke varying from the nature
of former Presidents.

LONDON,
Printed by *M. Parsons* for *Samuel Rand*,
and are to bee sold at his Shop neere
Holborne Bridge. 1638.

To the Judicious Reader.

THree things (Iudiciall Reader) make Books, and the publication of Bookes above good, excellent; to wit, Neceſsitie, Vtilitie, and Implicitie; and where any one of there are figured, no doubt but the Image is moſt comly; then how much more where all are contained, not *Helens* thirty perfections can challenge more admiration: and though it may ſavour of oſtētation, to ſay, this Pamphlet hath all, yet it ſhall not bee againſt truth to approve the Subject, more then a Maſter; yea, even the ſoveraign of all: for if writings be the very ſoules, and eternall ſubſtances of time, what writings are ſo excellent, as thoſe which paſſe from man to man, Religion, Advice, Familiarity, Courtſhip, & all neceſſary commercements (by which even the whole ſtate of the world is ſuſtained) being in them (as it were) bound up to out-live all time, all computation, then what more neceſſary: For the profit, how ſhall Kings

know & communicate their great actions, enlarge their bounds, redreſſe their peoples injuries? how ſhall the noble know intelligence to ſerve his Countrey, the Merchant trade, or to his owne bring the wealth of many kingdomes, or any, or all ſorts of people ſpeak at a far diſtance, but by the help of Letters only? then what to Mankind more rich and beneficiall, which *Tullie* better to expreſſe, made it the crowne of all his Labours. Laſtly, in theſe written Heralds are thoſe imploiments, and brave implications, that whatſoever is excellēt or good in man, is to be ſeen in them, as in a mirrour, and ſo to be imployed either exemplarily or judicially, according to the vertues and vices in them contained: If then theſe vertues ſhadowed in theſe Preſidents, ſhall give thee that benefit which thine expectation hopes, or the Authors ayme made his levell unto, I doubt not but thou wilt love it, reade it, and imitate it ſo farre, as to thy private benefit. Farewell.

Thine,

I. M.

Conceited Letters

Newly layd open.

A Letter to a Friend, to borrow Money.

IF borrowing of Money bee not a breach of friendship, let me intreat your patience to open your purse, a present occasion puts me to the aduenture of your kindnes; the matter is not much, yet will at this time pleasure me as much as so much may doe: the sum fiue pounds, the time three moneths, my credit the Assurance, & hearty thanks the Interest. Thus without troubling the Ioker, or charging of the Scrinener, hoping my Letter shall bee of sufficient power to preuaile with your loue, intreating your present Answere in the affection of an honest heart, I commit you to the Almightie.

Yours, or not his owne,

D. M.

His Answere.

IF your Friendship were a follower of Fortune, Loue would haue but a little life in this world: the contents of your Letter hath put me to a strict account with my estate how I may helpe you, and not hurt my selfe. I could make sufficient excuses, but that they tast of small comfort: and therefore knowing time to be precious, & to anoyd delaies,

let

let this ſuffice you, your requeſt I haue ſatiſfied, and the Money I haue ſent you: and not doubting your credit, will take your word for a Bond. Now for the vſe without abuſe, I wiſh but requitall vpon the like occaſion. And ſo (glad that in this or any thing in my power,) I may make proofe of my loue, I reſt in the ſame

Yours, or not mine owne,
N. R.

A Letter to a Kinſman for Newes.

I Would be glad to heare how you doe, how the world goes with you, what newes are ſtirring, what whirligigs are in the braines of Mad-men, and what rekes Raſkals keepe among better men, what their opinions are that ſtudy the ſtarres, of the man in the Moone, and whether honeſt men among the multitude be not tared for their wiſdome: how far a mans tongue will go beyond his teeth, & doe no hurt to his lips, and whether Dalila be dead, that betraied Sampſon to the Philiſtines: how Pride and Patience agree together in vngracious ſpirits, how the Deuill beſtirs him about his villany in the world and whether Ione be not laught at for a merry ieſt of wit, eſpecially where the weaker ſort want the ſtrength of vnderſtanding; many ſuch Notes may light in the way of thy obſeruation, of which want thou haſt in memory I pray thee put downe in a few lines which ſhall not be loſt in my loue, and the ſooner the better; for by thy long ſilence, I doubt of thy welfare: how euer it be, keepe it not from thy friend, who regards not fortune but vertue, vpon which my affection grounded, can neuer be remoued: Farewell.

Thine, or not his owne,
W. T.

His Anſwer.

GOod Cozin, you write vnto me to know how I doe; in a word, neuer worſe, both weake in body, and ſicke in mind; in briefe, as neere death as may be to liue: if you knew my croſſes, you would pitie my diſcomforts, the varietie whereof is ſo great, that I thinke there was neuer

Cart

Cart so loaden with Wares, as my heart is with heauinesse and woe.

Oh this Iron Age smels of nothing but Rust, whiles the baggs of mettal eates up the hearts of men: where is kindnesse, but onely among Children for Apples and Nuts? Friendship (I thinke) is flowne away for feare of abuse, and loue is among the Saints which are onely in Heauen: and if the World be at this passe, in what case are the people, where men in shape are Monsters in Nature, & where Women (since the Creation) are become strange Creatures? whiles howling with sin, and weeping with shame, makes such a blacke Ghost amongst tormented soules, as if the Deuill had licence to make a Hell vpon Earth: Some are all for the Church, and nothing for God: others all for Christ, and nothing for Charitie, and most men for themselues, and leaue their Neighbours to the wide world. Children are weary of their Parents, before they bee Parents of Children, and Parents so couetous, and vnkind that Nature hath forgotten her course. To conclude, the misery of time is such, as puts patience to the vtmost triall of her strength, and by the course of the Elements, the Almanack-makers know not what will become of this world: now for my selfe, I would I were with him that made it; but his will be done, who can mend it at his pleasure: vnto whose heauenly tuition, vntill I see you, I leaue you,

Yours, or not his owne,
R. B.

A Letter of Challenge.

IF I thought that you durst answer me, I would Challenge you, yet where the sticke of a Feuer may burne after a shaking, I know not how shame may make a coward more desperate then valiant: yet once my wrongs I can put vp, whilst looking on the obiect of my reuenge, I become an obiect to my selfe, to thinke what mettall I am to temper with. But in briefe, to lose no more time with you, to morrow is my day, the houre, eight in the morning, the place, the Padocke within the Thicket: where the determination

mination of buſineſſe I hope will be briefer then diſcourſe, and ſo I end, endleſſe.

Yours, as you have made mee,
T. N.

His Anſwere.

IDle humors ſhewes idle braines, where lacke of iudgement proues imperfection, indiſcretion: To challenge a Coward is no valour, but if your Sword were as nimble as your Pen, I ſhould not know how to put by the point; but I thinke that your fury is but a flaſh, which betweene heat and cold hath made a little Thunder, that will goe away in a Cloud: to temper with Mettals is fitteſt for Artiſts, but in the rules of Honor, ſteyn hath no place. But touching your Agony, take heed of an Ague, leſt ſhame followes ſhift, in putting off a quarrell with excuſe: in briefe, there ſhall nothing faile but your ſelfe; who, as you deſerue at my hands, ſhall find me from my heart,

Yours, as you mine,
R. D.

A Love-letter to a worthy Gentle-woman.

FAire Miſtris, if I had no eyes, I ſhould not like you, and if no wit, I ſhould not loue you; for the brightneſſe of your Beautie is for no blind ſight to gaze vpon, nor the worthineſſe of your Vertue for no weake braines to beat vpon. If you ſay I flatter you, looke into your ſelfe, and doe me no wrong, and if I doe you right, chide not affection for a diſcouerie, where truth is honorable; pardon my preſumption if it exceed your pleaſure, and commend his ſeruice, who will make an honour of your fauour. So intreating your patience for anſwer to my poore Letter, vntill I heare from you, and alwaies I reſt,

Yours devoted, to be commanded,
N. R.

Her Anſwer.

SIR, if your wits goes with your eyes, your braines may be on the outſide of your head; and then if you deceiue your ſelfe, I hope I ſhall not be blamed: Colours are

but

but shadowes, and may be full of illusions, and the worthinesse of Vertue may be a reach above the worlds reason, yet the discovery of Affection may be more in words then matter, especially where discretion sounds the depth of desert, though the honour of truth be worthy regard. Where there is no fault, there needs no pardon; and therefore without trouble of Patience, finding no cause of displeasure, I thus conclude: Love hath a priviledge to be at the command of kindnesse, in which I rest, to wish you much happinesse,

Your well-willing Friend,
E. S.

A Conceited Letter of Newes.

GOod Uncle, I know you looke for Newes from this plot of our earthly Paradise, which when you left, it was a place of great pleasure: but since your departure, some wicked Blasts have withered some of our principall Plants; but God be thanked, we have at this time so good a Gardner that so pluckes up the weeds by the roots, that (I hope) this Spring we shall have a flourishing piece of ground.

Hobgoblin and the Fairies have brought their beleeuers to the Gallowes, where (had not mercie given grace) they had been almost at O man in desperation; but it is an ill wind that blows no man to good, for Halter-men and Ballet-makers were not better set a worke this many a day. Our Sonn shewes his beames in great brightnesse, whilst the man in the Moone is fallen quite through the Clouds: wild Birds put into Cages, become tame in little time, but our Jack-dawes will be chattering while they have a tongue in their heads.

Our Turtle Doues are the prettiest fooles in the world, but when a Cuckoe counterfeits the Nightingale, there is an ill close in the Musicke: Our Peacocke was so proud, that hee could not leave spreading his tayle, but since moulting-time hee hath lost many of his Feathers. Our Post-horses have galled their Riders, and our Asses are kept but onely for their milke. In Summer, for men

and Women, the best (God be thanked) are well, and for the worst, God will take order for their amendment, and so with my most hearty commendation, I rest

Your ever-loving Nephew,
I. M.

The Vncles Answer.

My kind Nephew, I thanke thee heartily for thy merrie Letter, in which I like well of thy judgement, in warning of Newes to meddle with no matters of State: for he that looks too high may haue a sodden downe-fall, an old country Proverbe may proue a good part of speach.

I remember I haue heard my Grand-father tell of one that was taught him in his trauel; let the horse neigh, know thou thy course, and go thy way: and so much for this. Now for your earthly Paradise, I thought it, when I came from it, a goodly piece of ground, and 'twas pitty that any blast should perish the least Plant in it: but as it is, I am very glad to heare so well of it, God blesse the owner of it, and the Gardener that so well weedeth it.

Now for the Birds, hee that knoweth not a Cuckow from a Nightingale, is like vnto a Lark-catcher, that hauing caught an Owle, tooke her for a fine Hawke, till looking in her face, and fearing she had ben a spirite, hee let her flie to the deuill. As for Peacocks, they will be proud, till they looke on their legs; and Jackdawes will prate, it is their nature: and therefore be not angry with a Milke-wench, if she make not a curtesie like Mistris Constable, for there may be difference in their breeding, and so forth.

Now for our Country newes, I will tell you what is come to my hands, our Coults are so lusty, that we cannot kéep a Filly in quiet for them, and our Geese are so fat that they wallow as they goe: our Sowes are so forward that we shall haue a world of fat Pigs, and our Ewes so suckle our Lambs, that they leaue almost no flesh on their backs: our Mill-horse hath broken his halter, and laid his load at the Mill doore, and our Towne-Bull is so fat, that he shall be baited for the Butcher: our Towne is so full of

Wars

marriages, that there is scarse Cakes enough for the Bride-ales.

Tom Piper and the blind Harper are hired for these Holydaies with my yong Land-lord, who hath sworne by his fathers soule, that he will hoord up none of his siluer: other such homely stuffe there is store about us, but because you haue better Wares neerer hand, I care not much if I trouble you no longer with such trifles, I pray you let me heare from you of such occurrents as come in your way. In the meane time alwaies I rest

Thy most loving Vncle,

F. L.

A Conceited Love-letter.

SWeet Creature, to tell you I loue you, were a phrase of too plaine a fashion: and yet when truth is indeed the best eloquence, affection needs no invention to expresse the care of her content, which being in three Letters makes a word some to be read, which being Y: O: V: nothing doubting your spelling, I hope you will so kindly put together, that a coniunction of Loue shall haue no separation during life. And thus beseeching you to learne this Lesson by heart, without a crosse in concett, to hinder the course of Loues comfort: till I heare from you in that nature, that may make me a happy Creature, I rest

Yours wholly and onely, if you will,

M. D.

His Answer.

KInd Sir, to tell you I loue you, were to crosse an answer with a comfortable request: and yet when dissimulation is the worst fruit of inuention, discretion may be pardoned in concealing of Loue. Touching your Letters, they are sooner read than vnderstood, while Imaginatiue hopes may be deceiued in their happinesse; and yet to auoid all touch of Ingratitude, in that nature of kindnesse that may giue honor content, as a simple Scholler in the art of Loue, loath to haue that by heart, that may trouble more

then my head, when separation of Conjunctions may endanger the death of comfort, wishing nothing, nothing amisse to them that meane all well, I rest,

Yours, as I may be mine owne,

E. B.

A Letter from a Lady to a Gentleman, whom she called her Servant, for the preferring of a Gentlewoman unto her.

SErvant, I have often spoken to you for that you must needs doe for me: I am going to the Court, and shall have great use of a Gentlewoman to attend mee. I know you have many Kinsmen and acquaintance, among whom you may find one to fit me, I will take her at your hand, and regard her for your sake; and if her deserts answers my desires, she shall lose no love in my favour, and therefore, leaving this trusty charge to the care of your discreet kindnesse, as you will expect a greater curtesie at my hands, I rest

Your loving Mistresse,

F. T.

His Answer.

GOod Madam, you speake unto me to helpe you to a Gentlewomen, which with my Letter I have here sent you, a Woman, and gentle, who I hope will not be altogether unworthy of your entertainment: for her person, she is not deformed, nor her face of the worst feature, she is neither bleare eyed, nor tongue tyed; and for her qualities, I hope she can doe more then make curtesie and blush: her Parentage is not bare, nor her breeding idle; & for her disposition, I hope will be nothing displeasing: to praise her in any perfection, I dare not, but in all will leave her to the tryall of your patience. So wishing my dutifull service in this, or what else may lye in my power, so fortunate as to deserve your favour; and this Gentlewoman so gracious, as to gaine the continuance of your good opinion, in prayer for your health, and hearts most wished happinesse, I take my leave at this time, but rest at all times

Your Ladyships most humble Servant, R. G.

A Letter

A Letter from a kinde of *Diogenes* to a Courtier.

SIr, I heare by some of my acquaintance, that you go on apace with the world: I pray God you goe as fast towards heaven: but by the way let me tell you what I think fittest for you now and then to have minde of, lest you forget the maine, while the by-way deceives you: for what is Honor without Vertue? King David tells you, it is but a blast, meaning a proud man: and what is wealth without wisdome, but covetousnes? and that is the root of all evill: and what is life without Grace, the very high-way to Helle

Let therefore Vertue be your Honor, Wisedome your Wealth, and Grace your Life: so that God blesse you, the Devill can never hurt you. Let not a little wealth beget a great deale of pride in you, lest a great deale of pride beget you but little wit. Know whence you are, who you are, and where you are: you are from the slime of the earth, but a creature on earth. Be merry with measure, but be not mad in any case, for patience is the guide of experience, where haste makes more waste then good worke. To conclude, be loyall to Soveraignty, faithfull in friendship, constant in love, and honest in all. Farewell.

Thine as thou knowest,

B. B.

A Letter of zealous Love, written from a Gentleman to his Brother.

BRother, since I last heard from you, I am sorry to heare that I doe of you, that you are wound so far into the world, as if that you never meant to get out of it: you know I have travelled far, seen much, and have some understanding, by all the observation of Time, in the courses of Nature: I find Salomons truth in the triall of the World, that there is little of it, but is little worth in it, (when all being but Vanitie) there is little vertue to be found in it: Beleeve me Brother, we are neere in one Nature, but differ in another; in the Flesh, but not in the Spirit:

For

For whilest I contemplate the substance of the soules comfort, thou art pusseled in the world among the puddels of the Earth: yea, I feare the nature of thy affect to be as far from the rule of Religion, as the most senceleſſe Creature is from the vſe of Reason.

O brother, I know that thou haſt wronged many, and thy ſelfe moſt; I would thou wert a Zacheus to right all: but better betimes then too late, looke home to the mainechance, haue a care of thy ſoule, and thy body will be the better: beleeue it, there is no ruſt eateth ſo faſt into any mettall, as the venome of Auarice into the heart of a wicked man: Prodigalitie is the way to penurie, but Couetouſneſſe is the roote of all euill, betwixt both there is a meane, that to hit on, is a kind of happineſſe: and if thou haſt no eares but of Midas, that can heare of nothing but gold, take a heart of Simeon, to ioy in nothing but Chriſt Ieſus. Turne a new leafe, ſerue God for whom thou wert created, and let not the earth triumph ouer thee, for whom it was made to tread vpon; lift vp thine eyes towards heauen, where one ioy of the Elect is worth all the Kingdomes of the world: leaue the world ere it leaue thee, and loue him euer, that will neuer leaue thee: let thy life be a Pilgrimage, and the earth but a paſſage, and the heauen onely the home of thy ſoules eternall happineſſe, once a day read theſe few lines for my ſake: which, if they doe that good to thee, which I heartily pray for in thee, till when and euer my hearts loue,

Thy loving Brother,
N. P.

His Anſwer.

My good Brother, I thanke you for your carefull and kind Letter, yet let me tell you, that zeale without diſcretion, proues not the beſt part of Religion: Reports may be idle, and then beliefe may be erroneous, when miſtakings by miſconſtruings may breed abuſe of good vſes: I know that Riches are Witches, to them that make their heauen of this world, but he that hath a leaden wit, will neuer worſhip a golden Calfe: But ſince I know Abra-

ham

ham & Lazarus were alike in election, giue me leaue while I am in this world, by Christ rather then Nature, rather to be a Husbandman, then to be a labourer for hire: if I haue wronged any, it is vnwillingly, whom if I know, I will satisfie most willingly; & for the wound of conscience, I will hope to be so far from hypocrisie, that I shall be free from that feare: & therefore, though trauel hath taught you much experience in the world, and hauing sufficient maintenance to passe through the world, you make the lesse account of the world, yet when carefull thrift breedeth no couetous thraldome, be not iealous of my loue, with all the pleasures of the world, to make comparison with the least of heauens comfort. I know the highest mountaine is but earth, and the lowest valley is no other, and therefore when I carry my foot-stoole on my head, let me walke like a foole or monster. In briefe, I know the world, and how to vse it, and keepe account with my care, how I may most contentedly leaue it, but for my loue to him that made it, let me liue no longer in it then I loue & honour him aboue it, and so intreating you to blow off ill breaths that may abuse my disposition, and to be perswaded so far of my soules health, that my ioy is euer and onely in Christ Jesus, to his preternation, leaning the happy issue of your hopes in the nature of the best loue till I see you, and alwaies I rest

Your most loving Brother,
T. W.

A Letter of Loue to an honourable Lady.

HOnourable Madam, if Loue were not aboue reason, it would not be so high in regard: who dwelling only in the spirits of the best vnderstanding, feeds the heart onely with the fruits of an infallible resolution: What it is in it owne nature, hath beene diuersly described, but I thinke neuer knowne, but vnto them that inwardly know it. Some hold it a Riddle, that none can interpret, but he that made it, and others a Miracle, that amazeth all that beleeue it: but if it be as I haue read of it, a Child, and Beauty beget it. I hope Nature will be her selfe, and not

unkind unto her owne breed: How to prove truth, the honour in your eyes, that have wrought my heart to your service, shall make knowne to your favour in the happinesse of your employment. So craving pardon for my presumption, in my devoted duty, to the honour of your command, I humbly take my leave.

Your Ladyships in all humblenesse,
R. B.

Her Answer.

WOrthy Knight, if Love be above Reason, it must be either Divine or Demilith, and so regarded accordingly: what it is, I thinke is best knowne by the effect of it, howsoever idle braines have beaten about the description of it. Riddles are but Jealts of wit, and Miracles are ceased for being seene in our Age. But if it be a Child (though of a strange Parentage) surely Nature will not suffer the Mother to be cruell to her owne breed; but if it fall out to be an ungracious Father, what then will be thought of the Children? Yet, lest in misconstruing a conceit, I may mistake a content, since in the secret of Nature may be a sense of strange understanding, I will suspend my judgement, till I have made proofe of my opinion: when eyes and hearts meet together in discourse, I hope the businesse will be soone ended, that is referred to indifferent Judgement. So till occasion be offered of the performance of imployment, hoping that Vertue and Honour will soone agree upon sure grounds, till I see you, I rest

Your loving Friend,
M. W.

A Letter from a Knight to a Nobleman, for the entertaining of a Secretary.

NOble LORD, I heare that your Secretary hath lately taken his leave of this world, in whose place (if you be not provided) let my love prevaile with your honour for the entertainment of this bearer, a Gentleman, and a Kinsman of mine, in whose commendations I dare

thus

thus farre vse my credit, his heart shall be as faire as his hand, vpon any occasion of your imployment: and for his wit, it is both in Caput and Copy-hold, for he hath read much, and obserued more then a little; his discent hath been from the loynes of an Honourable Line; and for his disposition euery way, I hope you shall find it no way displeasing. Not to trouble you with long circumstance, leaning happinesse to your acceptance, with my seruice to your command, in all humble loue I take my leaue for this time, but rest during life,

Your Honours deuoted, to be commanded, T. W.

The Lords Answere.

My kind Knight, I haue receiued your Letter, fulfilled your request, & entertained your Kinsman, of whom I am already so well perswaded, besides the assurance of your knowledge, that I think a little matter shal not make square in our loues. I find what you write of him, and shall haue much employment for him: I thank you for him, and if he continue his carriage, which I doubt not, he will be of better fortune then my fauour; and yet somewhat the more for your sake, I will take such a care of him, that ere many moneths passe, you shall finde my loue in him; so till I see you at my House, where you shall make your owne welcome, I rest *Your most assured Friend,*

E. S.

A Letter from a Gentleman of the Countrey vnto a Iustice of the Peace, a speciall friend in the Citie, to intreate his worthy friend seuerely to punish al Whores that liue within the limits of his Iurisdiction, by whom his Sonne had (being lately in Towne) bin dispoiled and abused.

Worthy and welbeloued Friend, I am at this instant (relying vpon your ever-manifested loue) constrained not onely to reueale that vnto you, which

knowne (but to your ſelfe) may much convict me of careleſ-
nes, but alſo herein to implore your love, in rectifying, in as
much as in you lye, the capitall and diſgracefull abuſes,
which thereby I & mine have ſuſtained. It is not unknown
unto you, that I have a Son, to whom till now, I ever
accounted my ſelfe happy and fortunate: but (oh miſery to
all Fathers) I ever crediting his adulatory proteſtations,
gave the raines of his government over now to his owne
hands, which hee perceiving (utterly neglecting all good
courſes) hath carelеſſly caſt himſelf into irreconcilable extre-
mities, wherein (unleſſe ſpeedy courſe by your meanes be
taken for the contrary) he is like to perſevere. He (my wic-
ked Sonne) of late often diſcontinuing from my houſe, ha-
ving ſubbornely raiſed meanes in his hands, and unknowne to me, conſumed much of my eſtate, hath ben of-
ten ſeene converſant with wicked living Curtezans, who
live within the limits of your command, who cunningly
have depraved him of what he craftily conzened me, inſo-
much, that thereby my ſtate is much weakned, yet cannot
I truly particularize any with whom he is converſant;
yet for certaine he hath been, and (I doubt me) yet is too of-
ten frequent amongſt them. To the end therefore, that his
haunt may be left, and both they and he conduced to refor-
mity, let me intreat you to root out all ſuch lewd living
huſwifes out of your Libertie, which you never ſhall doe,
unleſſe you ſeverely punith them according to the Statute
in that caſe provided, which will either abſolutely extirpe
them or cauſe reformity in them, which if you (as by your
authority are bound) doe, I will on the other ſide, be more
prudent and carefull of my riotous Sonnes behaviour ſo
that by our cares, all that is amiſſe may ſpeedily be amen-
ded, which favour if I may crave at your hands, I ſhall
(as alwaies I have done) ever reſt

Your loving friend to command,

W. P.

His

His Anſwer.

KInd Friend, I haue peruſed your Letter, the contents whereof, to giue you content for your diſcontent, haue been ſo amiable and forcible with me, that not onely herein, but in whatſoeuer I may aſſure you, I will be ready to doe you any kind of friendſhip. I am ſorry to heare that your Son is ſo carelеſſly carried in his courſe of life, which yet no doubt, by your fatherly care may be amended, wherin if you (as I doubt not but you will) be fatherly prouident, you ſhall ſee how truly without partiality, I will (as it becomes me) execute my authority in chaſtiſing and expelling that unreclaimed crew out of my Liberties, aſſuring you further, that if I hereafter heare that your Son doth ſojourne in ſuch places within my authority, I my ſelfe will reproue him, and either by intreaty, or otherwiſe reclaime him if it be poſſible: wherof wiſhing you to be moſt aſſured, I reſt

Your ever faithfull Friend,

E. W.

A Letter of a ſimple man to a Scholler that was determined to play the wagge with him.

WOrſhipfull Sir, I underſtand by my honeſt friend and Schoole-fellow in our Parish Church, that your Worſhip hath a great knowledge in caſting of Natiuities, and telling mens fortunes, to tell you truly what yeares I am, my Grandam ſayes I was at lawfull age to enter vpon my Fathers Farme at Lent laſt, and then your Worſhip may gueſſe much about the time, the day and the houre I doe not well remember. But to the purpoſe, I heare ſay, that in your Studie amongſt the Starres, you haue gone by all the Planets, and ten to one if your Worſhip will goe ouer them but you ſhall find me in one of them, and if you aske of them that dwell in thoſe houſes, ſome of them may tell you that of me, that all the world is not acquainted with. I pray you Sir, let me intreat you to

take a little paines for mee; and chiefely, what good hap or ill is like to betide mee, as well among men as women, and when I come for my note, I will better consider your paines, in the meane time I have sent you a piece of gold that saw not light this many a day: so till I heare from you, which I pray you let it bee as soone as you can, I commit your Worship to God. From my house at Columsbery this second day of July. 1622.

Your Worships to command,
Ienken Hogoiskine.

His Answere,

My good Friend, I received your Letter, and your kinde Token, and though I love not to shew my skill in these secrets, yet for your Shole-fellowes sake I have taken a little paines for you: I will tell you what I have found among them all: if you were borne upon the Sunday, Sol is a hot Planet, and you will be much subiect to Sunburning, especially, if you goe to Plough bare-headed: if upon the Munday, the Moone is full of water, and if you fill your braines too full of drinke, you may grow Lunaticke, and so be in danger of Bedlem: if upon Tuesday, Mars is a bloy fellow, and if you goe to Fisticuffes, you will hardly bee without a bloody nose: if upon Wednesday, you must weare a Nightcap, and bee ever at your booke, especially (if you can write and reade) and be in any office in your Parish: if upon the Thursday, you will bee as proud as a Begger, especially (if you weare your best clothes) on a working day: if upon a Friday, beware of Wenches, least they make thee a poore man, especially (about Cuckoo time:) and if upon Saturday, oh, you will bee so froward that (if you marry) your wife will never indure the house with you, especially, (if thee be of the braide of a Scholler:) and therefore not yet having heard any newes in any of the Houses of you, untill I heare from you againe, I can say no more to you, and so I rest,

Your assured Friend,
T. W.

A Letter to a Friend on the other side of the Sea.

Distance of place must make no difference of mindes, Love and Life amongst hearts make an end together, I have long longed to heare from you, and if I had knowne whither, I had ere this written unto you: but now having met with him that meaneth shortly to see you, I have thought good to let you know, that I yet live to love you, and forget not to pray for you, that all happinesse may befall you: Glad I would bee to see you, and in the meane time to heare from you, how the world goeth there about you, whether all birds bee of one feather, and how they flie together; what blazing Starres have beene lately seene, and what your Astronomers thinke will follow of their appearance, whether your wine be watered before it come over, and how youth and age agree upon the continuation Copulative: how the great Fish and the little agree together in your Seas, and how your Rabbets escape the Kite abroad, and the Pole Cat in their Borrowes: how the Fores and Moles prey upon your Corne and Lambs, and what sport your Swallowes make with the Flies in the aire. I wish you not to write of any wonders, because they are incredulous, nor of matters of State, for they may be perhaps ill taken: but onely how honest men thriue, and knaues haue their rewards; how wise men are honoured, and Fooles laught at, and how the weaker sort hold their strength with the stronger, when Wenches eyes pull out mens hearts out of their Bellies, their wits out of their braines, and their money out of their purses, and such matters of no moment; then must needs, if you will take a little paines to set downe in a little Paper, I shall be glad to looke upon them, and in my loue to requite them, for our World to heare it, were a World to thinke of it: But the Messengers haste not giving mee time to write of it untill the next Weeke, I will say this of it, GOD blesse the best, and mend, or end the worst, grant all honest hearts good liues in it, and a ioyfull departure when

they

they are to leaue it: to which prayer, hoping you will say Amen, till we meet, and alwaies I rest

Thine, or not his owne,
W. T.

His Answer.

My long acquaintance, and worthy beloued friend, I haue lately receiued your letters, wherin I find your desire to heare of the passages in the world on this side the salt water. Now to satisfie in as much as I can, let me tell you, that I find some difference in the natures of Nations; but touching their diuisions, I thinke they are much alike through the whole world: for the one side, I find the powerfull, imperious; the ambitious, enuious; the couetous neuer satisfied; the licentious, idle; and the foolish, vnprofitable: on the other side, Paiestie gracious, Honour vertuous, Wealth charitable, Thrift wealthy, Wit painfull, and Religion loyall, and Labour commodious. Now looking into the danger of Greatnesse, the charge of Honour, the care of Wealth, the misery of Want, the folly of Wantonnesse, and the beggery of Idlenesse: I haue chosen the Meane for my part of Musicke, where I shall neither straine my voice, nor stretch my strings, but with little charge keepe my Instrument in tune: The passages are here as in other places, where Ianuary and May meet in coniunction, there are strange kind of countenances that shew not the best content.

And when winds are highest in Summer, the fruit shall fall ere they be ripe; many idle exercises are more costly then comfortable, much talke and little truth, and gay outsides haue poore insides; oathes and lyes as common as Highwayes, and painted Images make fooles Idols, honest men thought more silly then the wise among the Wizzards of the world, and the deuill among the Brokers daily hunted with beggers, murmuring of war among the vnquiet Spirits, and Peace guarded for feare of a close stratagem. In summe, such variety of businesse, that euery mans brain is full of humors: and for Women, they are of such force, that

that they put men to great patience: for my selfe, I see the world at that passe, that I thinke him happy that is well out of it: In summe, God blesse the best, while the worst mend, and send us his grace and health, with a happy meeting: so till I heare from you, which I wish often with my hearts love that shall never end but with life, and my hearty commendations I commit you to the Almighty.

Yours, as mine owne,

R. G.

A Letter from a Friend in the City, to a Scholler in the Vniversity.

HOnest Ned, since I left the blessed place wherein thou dwellest, I am come into a world that doth amaze me with imaginations, how Nature could so juggle with the world, as to make men become shadowes, and women pictures: but neere the end of dayes I see the Devill labours hard about his hardest, else could madnesse never so overrule, as to turne wisedome out of doores. The disloyaltie of Subiects to most gracious Princes, unthankefulnesse of servants to most bountifull masters, unthankefull hearts to best deserving Spirits, disobedient Children to most carefull Parents; yea, most ungratious Creatures to the most gracious Creator, makes me feare a new dealing upon the earth; to cleanse the World from iniquity, the Divell is feared in his colours, but followed in his conditions; and heaven more spoken of, then look't after; charitable mouthes have other meaning in their hearts, and oathes are so common that they are little in account; the cup of sinne is top full to the brimme, and daily carrowsed to the health of the diabolicall Divell: Reason so bewitched to the World, that A. T. to much in the world makes him a wofull Scholler that keepes that lesson in his heart: lack a Lent scarse a Gentleman will ride a Cock-horse like a rascal, and Ioan Fiddle in a French hood will be a Lady before her Mistres. Prison is become a practise of policie to deceive the witt with a plot of villanie: The breath of some man is deadly, especially upon a capitall offence: when Justice impartiall

 weedes

weedes the land of the unnaturall: The Plummer of the three Trées hath gotten much by unwholsome Fruite, who when he hath pared the outside, puts the rest in an earthen pie. Beleeue me Ned, I shall not be at rest till I bee with thee, where I may walke to the Well that yeelds the Spirit sweet Water. Shortly I hope to see thee, in the meane time let me hear from thee, that upon the least of thy wishes I may the sooner be with thee. Farewell.

Thine, if his owne.

F. W.

His Answer.

KInd Frank, in perusing thy Letter, I find no little touch of passion, and that thy braine is not a little distempered with the cares of this world, which though they touch not thy person, yet being a Christian, thou canst not but hate a Jew: for mine owne part, I have read of many vile passages in times past, but I am most heartily sorry to heare of the sinfull occurrents of this age: I have read in the Discourse of Sin, that Envie is a pestilent humour in a pestiferous spirit, and that Pride is the fore-horse of Follies, that drawes the Divels Car into Hell: I have read likewise, that Queene Helens lust was the spoyle of Troy, and that her name will never be blotted out of the blacke booke of Infamy: I have read of many things, of which I have taken some notice, as of the Cuckow killing the Sparrow that hatcheth her, and the Turkie Cock beating his hen when he hath trod her, but a Dog to bee too fawcie with a Lyon, fie upon it, there is almost no beast can abide it. I read likewise, that upon a time, that sin was growne to such a height, that the Devill laid about him like a great Lord, but God be thanked, there was an Angell that had authority over him, seeing his rankes quickly weakned his force, fetched him into his precinct, & kept him so fast lockt in his chaine, that he could not passe beyond his limits, but what is all this to thee, no more but a requitall of thy kindnesse, as thou writest what thou hast seen, so I, what I have read, when set the Hare against the Gose giblets, and there would

would be a strange dish of didlums: well, when thou art weary there, come hither, and as we may, we will bee merry together: Farewell.

Thine, or not his selfe,
T. L.

A Letter to a Scholler that tooke upon him the Interpretation of Dreames.

SIr, I heare by a kinsman of mine among other your deepe judgements in many other learned points of Art, of your most excellent judgement in the interpretation of Dreames, and being perswaded much of your kindnesse, by such as have conversed much in your company, I am bold to intreat your opinion upon some apparitions that lately troubled mee in my sleepe; & though I will not be frighted with furies, nor will trust unto flatteries, yet if I may have some notice of the issue of these night-troubles, I shall take it for a kindnesse, that I would not bury in oblivion. First, me thought I saw Phaeton in the skie, sitting in Sol's glorious Car, & many fiery drivers about him, but on a sudden giving his Horses the bridle, for want of holding, they runne with such a speed, that the Carre was overthrowne, Phaeton fell downe, and all his drivers with him: with the sudden noise whereof I awoke, when I fell asleepe againe, I saw, mee thought certaine great Starres mounting above the Sun, but comming neare his heat, they were suddenly dissolved, hung a while in the ayre, and at last fell into the bottome of the earth, with the fall whereof I awoke: now toward morning, taking a little nappe, mee thought I saw a kind of a Furie, or the Devill let out of Hell with charms or poisons to doe much hurt in the world, but a gracious power came from heaven, for the good of the world, and with the breath of his mouth made her so vanish away that I never heard more what became of her. These were the three dreames that troubled me in my sleepe, the interpretation whereof, leaving to the discription of your kind patience, I rest

Your loving Friend,
R. G.

His Answere.

SIr, though my profession be not to interpret night troubles: yet at the request of your friend I am content to tell you mine opinion of your strange apparitions. Touching your first dreame, it should seeme you are somewhat Poeticall, and having the day before read of the fiction, were troubled in the night with a Fable: for your mounting Starrs, I guesse you were the evening before at the Starre or the Moone, or some such Elementall signe, studying some Taberne Astronomy, that your braine being in the altitude of Canary, taking the candles for Starres, seeing one of them by mischance fall with his Candle-stick downe to the ground, being a little troubled with it to Bed-ward, brought out this strange vision in your sleepe. For the third, if you come to Furies, the Divels, or such kind of Spirits, I have nothing to say to them, nor will trouble my thoughts with them. And therefore leaving such as love Hell to deale with such Hagges, beseeching God to blesse me and thee, and all honest hearts from all such horrible creatures, I rest.

Your loving Friend,

T. L.

A Letter from an Apprentise to his Father, to send him some mony to succour himselfe withall, he being hardly used by a cruell Master and Mistris.

KInd and loving Father, my humble duety premised, with hope of your good health, with my Mother and the rest of our good friends, &c. The extremity which I have long endured at the hands of my unconscionable Master and Mistris, constraineth me (seeing no likelyhood of redresse) to reveal, and manifest that unto you, which long I have concealed; which as it is uncouth unto me, in regard of your Paternall care of me, whilest I lived with you: So I doubt not (your Fatherly love continued unto me) but it will be displeasing unto you. I am placed by your

good

good friend A. W. in a ſervice, where till I was bound Apprentice, I had good uſage, but ſince I was bound, I have ſeldome had good day; nay, after that you ſent them the money, which maſter A. W. did promiſe with me, they began to exaſperate hard uſage unto me, to debarre from mee not onely liberty, but victuals, finding many times faults without occaſion, wrongfully beating and buffeting mee without offence, which I neither can, nor doe I thinke you will with me to endure. I am almoſt pind with want, which how to redreſſe, I know not, unleſſe you vouchſafe to ſupply my preſent wants: to leave my Trade I am loath, to call my maſter in queſtion I am more loath; where to have redreſſe I know not in this my extremity, unleſſe you take ſome courſe for me, and ſend mee wherewith to ſuccour my ſelfe betweene times, untill it ſhall pleaſe God to turne their hard hearts. Thus having briefly acquainted you with my preſent eſtate, hoping of your Fatherly love unto me, humbly craving yours and my mothers daily bleſſing, leaving you to the tuition of the Almighty, expecting ſpeedily to heare from you, I reſt

Your obedient Sonne,
T. W.

His Anſwer.

SOnne, I have received your Letter, wherein I am given to underſtand, that my Friend A. W. hath not ſo friendly diſcharged that friendly truſt, which I repoſed in him, as I expected. Notwithſtanding, I will in what I may, ſeeke redreſſe for thy wrongs: in the meane time deliver this twenty ſhillings to your maſter as a token from me, happily his hard uſage of you is to draw ſomething out of mee: which if I ſee I cannot by my gifts (which I will ſend to him) bee moved, I will come up my ſelf and take ſome courſe to remove you from him. In the meane time I ſend you ten ſhillings to ſupply your neceſſary wants, which I wiſh you ſparingly (as you have occaſion) to beſtow, and not idely or waſtefully; and let mee heare from you alwayes by this Carrier. Serve God, endeavour to

please your Master and Mistris, and whilest I live, Boy, they shall know then hast a Father: So in haste I rest,

Your loving Father.
W. I.

A Letter of a Patient to his Physician.

MAster Doctor, your Patient commends him to your patience, to beare a little kind chiding for your too long absence: my disease holds his stone, and my paine nothing diminished, and if you come not the sooner, your Physicke will be past working: for my stomacke is weake, and my heart groweth faint, and yet I feede, though my digestion be not the best; loath I am to languish, if I may have hope of comfort, but your absence makes me doubt of my recovery. I pray you therefore haste you unto mee, and let me be assured of your comming, lest you come too late; you know my disease, and are acquainted with my body, for my cure I leave it to God and your Conscience, and so entreating your present answere of your speedy presence, I commit you to the Almighty.

Your sicke loving Patient,
T. N.

His Answer.

MY good Patient, I fear your impatience hath by some passion encreased your paine; I know the force of your disease cannot but be weakned, if you bee not more afraid then hurt, you will not die of this Malady: if my busines were not great, I would see you; or if your need were great I would not be from you: but knowing every Crampe is not a Convulsion, nor every stich at the heart, I will onely wish you to put off melancholy, to take heede of cold, to have mind rather of heaven then earth: Eate good meats, but not too much: Drinke good Wine, but measurably: bee in charitie with all the world, but not too farre with any, especially with the Feminine gender: use motion for naturall Physick, and let a merry heart be your best Physitian, for conceit is hurtfull, if it bee not contentive,

and

and it is past the reach of my person to cure a corrupted mind: shortly, and God willing, I will see you, in the meane time imagine I am with you, for indeed I will not be long from you: and this let me tell you, that to put you out of feare, I have no feare of you, but that you will bee past Physicke ere my hope faile of your Cure, and that will not be in haste: and so hoping that you are not so weake in spirit, but that you can endure a little paine with patience, in hope of assured health, till I see you, and allwayes I rest.

Your Phisitian, and loving Friend.

W. R.

A Letter from a young Gentleman to an old.

My good Captaine having of late no little disposition to Martiall discipline, and in the Field of blood to adventure life for honor, I am to entreate your advice as one long experienced in that course for what you shall think fit for my furniture for such service as may deserve regard & how I may so carry my selfe in all companies that I may not be banished the best: and if it please you shortly to goe over to your company, that you will let mee serve under your Colours: and so beseeching your present answere that I may the better determine of my desires, leading to your kind discretion the care of my instruction, protesting in my best endeavours to shew my love in your service: till I heare from you, I rest

Your affectionate Friend,

B. R.

His Answere.

Sir, your desire I mislike not if your body will answere your mind, your Books warres yeeld no blowes and therefore seeme sweet in reading; but come to the triall of the businesse, and you will finde it full of bitternesse: but if resolution have taken roote with you, and not easily to be removed, I will tell you what I thinke shall most behove

behoves you to carry with you: a good heart, a stayed head, and a strong stomack; a purse to defray necessary charge, and a care in laying out of expences; neither offer nor take wrong, at least not much: borrow little, pay all, observe the wise, love the honest, bee not idle nor ill exercised, beware of forfetes, play, and wanton pleasures: for thy furniture thy Armour and Pike thy peece and thy sword, shall be sufficient to make thee a Souldier: serve God, and feare not the Divell, let thy enemy see thy face, and not thy back, and be not proud of any honorable action, but give God the glory of all: when I goe, which will bee shortly, I will give thee notice in the meane time see mee, and I will love thee: Farewell.

Thy assured Friend,
R. B.

To the right worshipfull *L. M.* Esquire, Iustice of the Peace within the County of G.

HUmbly shewing, that whereas your Worships poore Suppliant, being by reason of his great charge of many small Children, as also by his long Captivitie, impoverished, was constrained to patme unto H. M. of the Parish of S. B. London, certaine goods to the value of twenty pounds for ten pounds, which said goods, he not onely most unjustly detaineth (albeit he is allowed for every five shillings, three pence by the moneth) but looketh for better satisfaction to secure him for his tenne pounds, notwithstanding the foresaid value of the goods.

May it therefore p'ease your good Worship, the premises duly perpended, to cause the said *H. M.* to make restitution of the goods aforesaid, your suppliant paying him his owne money, and that satisfaction which riseth thereof; as in your grave wisedome shall seeme most expedient: and this hee most humbly craveth for Gods cause, and as in duty most bound, hee shall ever pray, &c.

A Letter

A Letter from a poore diſtreſſed Priſoner unto a cruell mercileſſe Creditor.

MAſter N.B having long remained in inſufferable captivity onely detained at your ſuite, being ready to periſh with want, being continually afflicted with moſt contagious diſeaſes, & annoy'ed with infectious damps, I am conſtrained, having no other ſhelter but your favour, to appeal unto your charitable love for my enlargement, being of my ſelfe utterly as yet unable to give you preſent ſatisfaction: humbly beſeeching you, in commiſeration of my woefull miſery, to be pleaſed to accept of an honeſt mans ſecurity for your ſatisfaction, which if I may but crave at your hands, I ſhall ever be bound to pray for your proſperity: to keep me where I am, I ſhall neither be able to pay you, nor to relieve my wife and children, which I truſt you will duly perpend: Thus humbly deſiring your comfortable anſwere, I leave you and yours to the tuition of the Almighty.

Your diſtreſſed Debtor.
now a miſerable Captive,

R. W.

His Anſwer.

I Marvell how you can thus impudently trouble mee from time to time, with your frivolous papers, if I could once ſee my money, you ſhould know more of my minde, I know you have goods and ſome money left you, you were beſt to ſell it, that I may have ſatisfaction: to be briefe with you, unleſſe you pay me keepe where you are, you and yours ſhal ſtarve, and rot, and hang, ere I loſe by you: What ſhould I doe with another mans word for my money; word me no words, I have had words enough already, I muſt and will have deedes ere you part give me my money, God ſpeed you well, otherwiſe you know my minde.

T. W.

A dogged Letter to a diſpleaſing companion.

AFter my hearty commendations, hoping that you are in good health as I was at the writing hereof, when my head aked, wiſhing you no better comfort then a Scold to your wife, deſiring to heare from you, that I may never heare more of you, and ſorry with my ſelfe to be troubled with the thought of you, aſſuring you that there is no man cares leſſe for you, for the vilenes I know in you, and the villany I heare of you, wiſhing all honeſt men to beware of you, no wiſe man to truſt you, hoping if that God doe not the ſooner mend you, the Gallowes will and you to deale plainly with you, as a Rakehell I found you, ſo a Rakehell I leave you.

Yours as you ſee
by your good ſervice,
T. R.

His Anſwer.

O Man in deſperation how are thy wits out of faſhion: it ſæmes by thy light, thy Spleene is full of corruptions; for thy wiſhes they cannot hurt mee, nor thy words trouble me, ſorry I am that thy wits are a wooll gathering or gone God knowes whither: what ill ſoever you thinke of me, I know better then you thinke of me, if your head ake, you ſhould better bind up your braines, then let them flie ſo neere Bedlam, to raile without diſcretion, upon a cauſeleſſe imagination: but while the wiſe note your folly, and the honeſt pitie your furie, I ſhall be the leſſe ſorry for you, becauſe I will have nothing to doe with you: if your breath be as ill as your pen, no Chriſtian will abuſe you and ſo fearing nothing but as an idle humor follow you, a worſe plague then a ſcolding wife, which is as neere hell as may be. will torment you: as a Woodcock I know you and as a Dunſtock I hold you, and ſo till I ſæ better of you, to your mad fits I leave you, and ſo reſt as you ſæ by the courſe of your owne cards,

Yours, as you mine,
T. W.

A Letter

A Letter of Reconciliation.

HOneſt Daniel, I thought to try the vertue of thy love in thy patience, but I ſee we are all weake, when rage gets up to his height. Reaſon is a poore man, if thou didſt thinke I was mad, thou mightſt have beene ſorry, and not angry; and if well in my wits, thou mightſt have thought it an humour of jeſt to try a friend in earneſt: onely lovers have not beene of a little continuance, and ſhall a conceit of unkindneſſe breake the knot of our friendſhip; farre be it from both and either of us. Thou knowſt thine own deſert, and my diſpoſition & mightſt therefore ſuſpect, my diſtemper of Brayne through the violence of the ſame diſeaſe, then fall into choler upon a motion of male-content: But ſince I began a quarrell, I will end the combate, and all cauſes ſet aſide, love thee in ſpight of all ſpight; and therefore let us be as we were, and ever will be, one minde in two bodies, and ſo with hearts ſhaking hands, and ſhaking off all ill humours that may make the leaſt breach into our loves, till I ſee thee and allwayes I reſt.

If not thine, not mine owne,

W. R.

His Anſwere.

MY moſt worthy Beloved, and never to be removed kinde Wilkin, beleeve me it: I can be angry, and eke with kindneſſe to meet with humours in their kinde, onely to be out of your debt for a few good words. I tooke a little paine to blot a little paper, which if you will put to the fire, mine ſhall ſoone conſume to aſhes, and to avoyde all memoriall of mad humours: I confeſſe Nature is ſubject to imperfection, yea, and reaſon is ſometimes weake in diſcretion, but love is ever himſelfe, where hee lives in the Spirits of underſtanding. Thinke therefore of mee as of your ſelfe, who rather embrace kindneſſe, then beleeve madneſſe; and ſo leaving all ill humour of Jeſt, have a

heart that will ever love you in earneſt. So putting off all thought of quarrell, where the Combat is but a conceit of kindneſſe in the irremoveable reſolution of infringeable affection: I reſt as I have been and can now be none other.

Thine, what I am, not mine owne,
T. R.

A Letter from a Sonne in Priſon to his Mother, his Eſtate being waſted.

DEare & Loving Mother, as ever your Paternall love hath heretofore been manifeſted unto me, ſo now I beſeech you in this my great extremity to extende it towards me; my meanes are conſumed my ſelfe captivated, ready to periſh with want, and which way to turne mee in this height of miſery I know not, but unto you, whoſe ever careſull reſpect of me, hath beene ſuch that nought could, or (as yet I hope, can) remove your love from me. Wherefore in pitie of my preſent miſery, I deſire you good Mother to make ſome meanes for my enlargement: my debts are not much, notwithſtanding of my ſelf I am utterly unable to give ſatisfaction, inſomuch that unleſſe you be pleaſed to commiſerate my diſtreſſe, I am utterly devoyd of all hope of comfort or enlargement If therefore you will vouchſafe to ſet mee at liberty my future duty and diligence ſhall obſequiouſly in ſuch ſort be manifeſted, that whatſoever hath heretofore bin amiſſe, ſhall be amended, to my good, and your comfort, whereof wiſhing you to be moſt aſſured, and expecting your comfortable anſwere: I reſt,

Your diſtreſſed Sonne,
T. M.

Her Anſwere.

SOnne, I am ſorry your folly hath brought you to ſuch extremity: had you beene heedfull in your courſes, you might have prevented theſe diſaſters. Notwithſtanding your miſery ought rather to be pitied then blamed (eſpecially by a Mother) I will in this your extremity, in hope of your

your reformity, manifeſt a Mothers love unto you: your debts ſhall be payd, you ſet at liberty, and ſome ſpeedy courſe be taken for your future maintenance, if you will confirme what you have written. I will be with you to morrow, till when comfort your ſelfe, and feare God, and pray for your poore Mother.

Your loving Mother,
F. R.

A Letter from an old man to his Sonne before his death.

My Sonne, thou art now comming into the World, that I am going out of, and yet before my departure out of it, let me tell thee what I hold needfull for thee to have care of in it. I know thou wilt not breake thy bread all in one houſe, feede alwayes of one diſh, nor live alwayes in one place, and therefore let me reade thee a ſhort Lecture for thy carriage in all courſes, the Court is a place of charge more then eaſe, the Citie Gawdes of more pleaſure then worth, and the Countrey ſports of more pleaſure then profit, yet is there no ſervice to the King, no dwelling to the Citie, nor pleaſure to the Countrey, but all the waight of the worth of them is in the hant of wiſedome, who in the knowledge of the uſe of them makes the beſt eſteeme of them: but leſt long Leſſons may overcharge thy Memory, take this one Rule for thy learning in all, and thou ſhalt finde it good in more then a few, whereſoever thou goeſt, note the beſt, chooſe the beſt, and keepe the beſt; be not buried in earth before thou commeſt to thy Grave, nor build Caſtles in the Ayre, leſt they fall downe upon thy head: Let not thy Eye abuſe thy Heart, nor thy Tongue diſcredit thy Will, and let Reaſon governe Will in all the paſſages of Nature, be neither nedy nor ungratefull, uncourteous nor unkinde, and examine thy Conſcience in the care of thy content, ground thy love upon Virtue, thy Hope upon Reaſon, and thy Happineſſe upon Grace, live as a Stranger in the World, and make what

haſt thou canſt into heaven; be loyall to thy Prince, naturall to thy Countrey, faithfull to thy friend, kinde to thy neighbour, and honeſt to the whole world, ſo ſhall God bleſſe thée, the beſt love thée, and the worſt not hurt thée.

And thus ſo weak in body, that the Spirit fainteth, inforced to expreſſe the full of a Fathers love unto thée, with my Prayers to the Lord of Heaven for thy preſervation in this World, and eternall happineſſe in the world to come, with my lowes bleſſing, and therewith what I am able to leave thée, to the merciſull guard of Heavens glory I commit thée.

Thy moſt loving Father.

T. M.

His Anſwer.

My moſt loving Father, this Legacy of your love for the direction of my life, how much I prize in my hearts thankfulneſſe, the eye of your judgment ſhall behold in my obſervation and give me leave to tell you, that in this little time that I have ſpent idely in this World, I have had ſome taſte of the meat that you have given me, where I finde that the beſt meat may be ſpoyled in the dreſſing, whileſt a cunning Cooke will make a rich ſervice of ſmall coſt, & though giddy heads are in love with gawdy tops, yet ſince the better ſort of opinions eſteeme a ſmall Diamond before a great Saphire, I care not if I rather adventure farre for the honour of vertue, then leſſen my eſtate by breach of armes; and ſince there are ſo many counterfeits, that the beſt Jeweller may be miſtaken, I wil meddle with no ſuch Wares as may call repentance to an after reckoning, while my heart looketh toward heaven, I hope the Earth ſhall not blinde mine eye, nor the vain delights of Nature prevaile againſt the vertue of Reaſon: but all is in the power of powers, by whoſe Grace being guided, I ſhall be ever ſo preſerved, that howſoever my heart be wounded, yet they ſhall never be confounded: in hope whereof, and unto the which, beſeeching the Almighty, either in health

to

to prolong our dayes, or in the election of his love to call you to a better life, more esteeming these precepts of your love, then all the portion you can leave, saving your blessing, I humbly take my leave.

Your most loving
and obedient Sonne,

R.D.

A Letter to a Kinsman that came from the Vniversity to the Court, and was given much to his study.

My good Cosin, I heare since you came from the Vniversity to the Court, you are inclin'd much to melancholy, your minde onely delighteth in reading and study, and among many variety of matters of import, that you take much delight in searching out of Petigrees, and Heraldry, the knowledge wherof, I hold both honourable and profitable: but the use thereof requires a heedfull care, for in the discoursing of matters unfit, you may be brought within the compasse of folly: but as a friend to give you a Caveat in all your course of that study, take my advice for the bettering of your understanding in the best of your Coates: Be not too busie with the Crowne, and of all beasts beware of the Lyon; if he sleep wake him not, lest you trouble his patience, and in his walke crosse not his way, least his frown grows wrathfull: For other Beasts think of them as your reason will give you leave: where you find honours, note if you can the desert of them, and for bought Coats, consider of them in their kinds, times alter, and natures in them, and therefore in the setting down of Antiquities, there may be much deceit, through the corruption of the Writers, or directors for strange Coats, and to see an Eagle have a Fly in her mouth, and a Mouse bite a Cat by the taile, or a Goose keep a Fox in his Demne: Wonder at it: but make no words of it; and if you see a black Swan in a blew field, and an Ele in her belly, running out at her taile, or a Peacock pulled out of his feathers, making

his

his Perch upon a croſſe-bar, ſmile at the conceit, but kép the cenſure of it to your ſelf. To conclude, Reade much, but beare little: Think much, but ſpeak little, and know much, but meddle little, but in medling with other mens coats look that you looſe not more then your own ſerkin: And ſo wiſhing your Studies as profitable as pleaſing to you, till I ſée you, I commit you to the Almighty.

Your loving Couſin.
R. D.

His Anſwere.

SIr, I have read your Letter, and conſidered of the contents: To the anſwer whereof, give me leave to tell you, that I am not determined to hurt mine eye-ſight with too deep looking into a Philſtone, nor to be a bo Antiquity further then Reaſon may carry my underſtanding, and whatſoeber I find of Coats, I will ſo carry my due and true allegeance to the Crown, that I will avoyd all touch of diſloyalty: For the Lyon, I will neither trouble him, waking nor ſleeping; and for his walk, wiſh no beaſt to be ſo foolith, as to croſſe his pleaſure in his paſſage: for your merry conceits of ſtrange Coats, I will onely ſmile at my conjecture of them; and ſo long as I know a Faulcon from a Buzzard, an Eagle from an Owle, and a Nightingale from a Cuckow, let me alone to judge of the Nature of Birds, and how they are born; and when I look into the nature of Honour, whether by purchaſe, favour, or deſart, I note the time with the perſons, and ſo go on with my opinions to the judgement: I keep to my ſelfe; now for what elſe may grow out of this Study, either profit, pleaſure, loſſe of time or repentance, I thank you for your Item; to keep my conceit from diſcourſe, for all things are to be taken in their right kinde, and when learning growes hurtfull, it proves wit not well tempered: And therefore hoping ſo to make uſe of my braines, that my Head ſhall doe my body no hurt: With many

thanks

thanks for your kinde instructions, I commend you to the Almighty.

Your very loving Kinsman,

T. M.

A Letter from a Father impoverished by his Sonne, to his Sonne in prosperity.

IF ever awfull duty were in children of any force, oh then let it be in thee manifested, whose duty ought to exceed the bounds of duty; I have for thy sake ruined my selfe, subverted my estate, frustrated the hopes of all my other children, only for thee to bring thee out of Captivity, to raise thy fortunes by mine own and their undoings; and being thus defected, to whom should I appeale for comfort but to thee? For whose sake I am absolutely comfortlesse? If to my brother I go, if to any of my kindred, to any of my old acquaintance to seeke relefe, what say they? why doth not your Sonne succour you? Oh miserable case that Fathers should be compell'd to crave for that which they mought have commanded, yet I am not the first, nor shall I be the last: Love and Nature will blind, nor do I repent of that I have done for thee, if in lue therof thou wilt manifest but a dutifull loue to me in this my miserable distresse: resolue me therefore speedily, what thou intendest concerning me: let me not languish in dispaire, but one way or other put a period to my longing desires, for till I hear from thee, I wirt hope and despair, I rest

Thy sorrowfull Father,

R. D.

His dutifull Answer.

GOod Father, for your sorrow I grieve, yet more I grieue that you acquainted me not sooner with your wants: should I not discharge that duty wherinto you,

both in the Law of God and nature I am obliged, I should proue most inhumane, unnaturall and disobedient: which basenesse, as euer I did, I detest: to manifest therefore my duty to you-wards, as you haue lodingly bẽ a good Father to me, and for my sake ouerthrowne your hopes, and defeated your selfe: what is mine, I solely during your life resigne to your disposing, humbly desiring you that as you were carefull out of your means to free me from Captiuity, and to raise my fortunes: so, out of that which God hath sent me, be as carefull to raise my brother and preferre my Sisters; and what you do, I will confirme whilest God blesse you with life, that gaue me life: all during my life, shall be at your disposing. Wherefore, good Father, intreat not for that which you may and shal command: come therefore I pray you your selfe ouer to me, the sooner the better welcome, and if my brother, or either of my Sisters be in want, this shall be their home, whilst it is mine. Good Father, therefore hasten to me, for till I see you, I shall rest

Your sorrowfull Sonne,

R.D.

A Letter of unkindnesse upon a conceite of ill carriage in a Friend.

There are two ill qualities in a Woman, and two worse in a Man: In the first, unkindnesse and inconstancie: In the second, unfaithfulnesse, and unthankfulnesse: and will you bear both the imperfections, that none may exceed you in euill? what my deserts haue bẽ at your hands, you know, and what your requitall hath bẽ to me, I would I knew not: But what shall I thinke? is euery man onely for himselfe, and let the world go as it list, hath vertue abandoned the earth, and is wisdome so rapt up in the misty clouds of concupiscence, that she can scarce shew any glimmering of the light of true grace? God forbid, for Vertue hath her working in all the children of her

her love: of which I would you were one, that I might ſoy as much in your converſation, as I fear your confuſion: Be not angry, though I ſeeme bitter, for I am touched to the quicke, yet write I more out of love, then out of hate, for I will ſuſpend my opinion untill your anſwer give me ſatiſfaction, that I ſhall ſhortly with your preſence cleare my thought of your indignities, till when, and alwayes, I reſt

Yours as you know

and ſhall know,

T. M.

His Anſwere.

WHat women are, I know, but what men ſhould be I know, and what I am, you ſhall finde, alwayes one and the ſame, in irremoveable affection to an aſſured Friend. Vertue, I know, hath her working in the hearts of the honeſt, and I hope you will not take me of a contrary condition: but if a miſ-report breeds a miſ-beleefe, an ungracious conceit may worke a grievous unkindneſſe, if my deſerts, and my requitall were weighed together in an euen ballance, I hope there would not be much inequality: but let humours bleede their fault, and better thoughts will follow: I am well content to make a bitter ſweet of an angry love; ſhortly I will ſee you, and then to ſatiſfie you, that the old Proverb ſhall come new in proofe, The falling out of Lovers, is the renewing of Love: in which I will reſt without all doubts,

Yours as I haue been,

and ever will be.

R D.

A Fantasticke Love-Letter.

MIstresse, if you were not a Witch, your eyes could not have so wrought in my heart, as to make me think of nothing but your love, and if your words were not charmes, they could not so command me from my selfe, as to sever me wholly to your service: but if it be so that you are born a Creature onely to crucifie my spirit, I must only pray for patience to mitigate my passion, finding your nature as farre from pitty, as my hope is from happinesse, that if there be any spark of grace in you, let it kindle a case in your kindnesse to warme the life of my love, that I may not dye in the cold feare of disdain: but reviving in the vertue of your favour, I may honour you above the whole world: so leaving my life to the answer of your own love, I rest

Yours what you will.

T. L.

Her Answere.

SErvant, if you were not a fool, you would not run from your wits, as to write you care not how upon an imagination you know not what: mine eyes be mine own, and if your heart be not yours, shall I wink because you are wilfull? No such matter, and my words have made a metamorphosis of your wit, I am sorry my breath should blow away your understanding: yet least you should think I am past grace in the pity of perplexities, let me intreat you not to fear your own shadow: walk temperately in the Sunne, and the heat will do you no hurt. So wishing you better then you wish your selfe, not to trouble your head with idle humours; I rest, as I have reason,

Your loving Mistresse.
M. T.

A Letter

A Letter of griefe to a faire Creature that was ſeparated from her ſecond ſelfe, for playing falſe with a third perſon.

SWeet ſoule that once was, now the moſt wretchedeſt Creature that is, how haue you made a metamorphoſis of your ſelfe? when you were vertuous, you were faire, now you are vicious, you are foule: when you were wiſe, you were honoured: now are you foolish, you are ſcorned: when you were gracious, you were beloued: now you be wicked, you are hated. O ſtrange alteration, from vertue to vice, from wiſedome to folly, from grace to ſinne, as to make the Creature ſo offenſiue to the Creator: what ſhall I ſay vnto you? but onely that I am ſorry for you, but cannot help you, and only pray for you, that your ſinne may be forgiben, that your ſhame may be forgotten: and ſo beſeeching the Higheſt, whom you haue offended moſt in the mercy of Iuſtice, to ſhew the glory of Maieſtie, in the ſorrow of humanity and Chriſtian Charitie, with a broken heart, to think of your wounded ſoule, wiſhing your true repentance to be a preſident for the conuerſion of all ſuch vnhappy Creatures: I reſt

Your friend and no farther, but in prayer for your ſoules health.

T. R.

Her Anſwere.

MY once kinde Friend, now worthily farre off from title of ſuch comfort, with ſighes let me write that which I ſeale with the teares of my heart: I now find the wound of Conſcience ſo deep cut in my heart, as comes too nære the danger of my ſoule, and were not faith the ſtrong hold of Hope, Patience would be too full of feare: I confeſſe ſhame to be a gentle puniſhment of ſinne, and re-

pentance a true pleader for mercy; for none sées the angry face of sinne, but the repentant sinner. For the World I hate it, and my selfe meet in it, for my sinne I loath it, and abhorre my selfe for it; and for my life, I am weary of it, that I care not how soone I were rid of it: but all things to Gods pleasure, to whom I beseech you in Christian charity to pray for me, that the enemie of Christ may not prevaile against me, that whatsoever befall me, I may not fall for ever. So with a bléeding heart in the bitternesse of griefe, as full of sorrow as a sinfull soule can hold: I rest

Your worthy forsaken Friend.

F. R.

A Letter to a Friend for his opinion in divers points of considerations.

My honest Ned, I pray thée write me word by this bearer, how thou doest, thy opinion of the World, of life and death, honesty and wit, and what comes into thy head, when thou hast leasure to be idle, I long to heare from thée, to reade thy Conceits, which if they be of the old fashion, are better then the new forme: be what will be, to me it shall be welcome, and thy selfe better whensoever I may sée thée: for dull wits, and addle heads so beat about the Market in this Towne, that I had rather go a mile wide, then keepe way with such wilde Géese: and so loath to trouble thée with trifling newes, to no good purpose, in the affection of a faithfull heart: I rest

Thine what mine.
T. N.

His Answer.

Kinde Henry, to answer thy request, in a few words let me tell thée, for the World, I finde it a walke that

some wearieth a good spirit, this life is but a puffe, and Death but an abridgement of Time. Now for some notes I have taken of the World, and diuers things in it: let me tell thee, that if all the wealth in the World were in one Chest, it would not buy one houre of Life; if all the honesty of the world were in one heart, it would not buy one bit of Bread; and if all the wit in the World were in one wicked pate, it would not buy one iot of Grace: and therefore it is meet with Death at a meaner price, and to carry Money with Honesty, the better to go to Market, and to ioyne Grace with wit, to finde the high-way to Heauen. This is all for this time I have had leisure to thinke upon; as more comes in my Head, I will make you acquainted with it; in the meane time, marke what I have written, and it will doe thee no hurt in reading: Farewell.

Thine, or not mine owne.

T. R.

FINIS.